

Pulp, The Will To Power

Walking from the scene of some humiliation feeling like a dog.
Walking from the scene of some romantic triumph feeling like God.
Walk towards the small town lights, felt brighter than the lot of them
Can have anything, can never fail.
The will to power, the force of destiny and efficiency.
Generations glimpse the high pitch, play it for real, four billion spectators look on;
Judging, analysing, losing; sinking, swimming, striving, longing, failing.
Weak flesh projected through Europe on speed of all the needs;
Suck and sate, forces of fate.
A polemic, a sharp cutter, a fashion, a spirit, a simplicity.
The only choice, the only voice, in the darkness.
The only choice, the only voice.
1933, where are you now? Where are the broken bottles?
Where's the toffs slumming it?
Where's the fanaticism? Where's truth and beauty?
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